THE Triumph of PEACE.

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A

POEM,

ON THE

Magnificent Publick Entry

Of His EXCELLENCY

The Illuſtrious Duke of *Shrewsbury*,

Ambaſſador Extraordinary from Her Majeſty of *Great Britain*, to the Moſt Chriſtian King.

AND THE

Magnificent Publick Entry

Of His EXCELLENCY

The Illuſtrious Duke *D'Aumont*,

Ambaſſador Extraordinary from His Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, to the Queen of *Great Britain*.

With the PROSPECT of the

Glorious Proceſſion for a *General Thanksgiving* at St. *Paul's*.

By Mr. *TATE*, Poet-Laureat to her MAJESTY.

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Her most Excellent Majesty

ANNE,

Queen of *Great-Britain*, &c.

This ESSAY of the

Triumph of Peace,

(A PEACE, Worthy of the most Religious *QUEEN*, and of Her most Skilful and Faithful MINISTRY,)

Is most Humbly

ADDRESS'D, and DEDICATED,

By

Her MAJESTY's

Most DUTIFUL

Subject and Servant,

N. TATE.

ANNE,

Queen of Great-Britain, &c.

This ESSAY of the

Triumph of Peace,

(A PEACE, Worthy of the moſt Illuſtrious QUEEN, and of Her moſt Skilful and Faithful MINISTRY.)

Moſt Humbly

ADDRESS'D, and DEDICATED,

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Subject and Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

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THE Triumph of *PEACE*, &c.

WHAT, ſhall *BELLONA* bid her Thunder ceaſe,
And *MARS* ſit liſt'ning to the Songs of PEACE?
Shall *Britain's* QUEEN and *Gallia's* MONARCH cloſe
The Scene of Strife, and give Their Realms Repoſe?
Shall They, beſt able to maintain the Fight,
Exhauſted Pow'rs to Peaceful Terms invite?
Shall They conſent the ſlaught'ring Sword to ſheathe,
And change their *Lawrel* for an *Olive-Wreathe*?
And ſtubborn DISCORD ſtill reſiſt the Charms
Of offer'd Friendſhip, and return to Arms?
E'er *Verdant* Spring new-cloaths the *Crimſon'd* Plains,
And ſully'd Streams diſcharge their *Purple* Stains?
When WAR's devouring Dragon, gorg'd with Gore,
And ſick of Slaughter, loath'd the Sight of more,
Muſt *Rhine's* calm Banks ſtill hear the Monſter roar?
Alecto's ſnaky Scourge ſtill waking keep
The growling *Cerberus*, when diſpos'd to Sleep?
When pillag'd Swains afreſh their Fields had ſown,
In chearful Hope *next* Crop would be their *Own*,

Which, in blithe *Autumn*, they ſecure might come
To reap, and ſing the merry *Harveſt-home*.
When waſted Towns their Commerce to regain
Like Hopes conceiv'd---ah! ſhall thoſe Hopes be vain!
And fierce *Erynnis*, ſeeming to retire,
Return to ſet poor flatter'd *Troy* on fire,
And in-bred *Faction* with the *Fiend* conſpire?
Muſt *Earth*'s Diſſentions ſtill torment the *Skies*
With wailing *Widows* Groans, and *Orphans* Cries,
And Fumes of *Blood*, inſtead of *Incenſe*, riſe?
Shall *Envy* all her Fraud and Force employ
The ſmiling Infant-TREATY to deſtroy?
How? ſuch a Bleſſing in the Cradle loſt,
Whoſe Birth ſo many painful *Throws* has coſt?
Which *Piety* ſo hardly could project,
And Ableſt *Policy* could ſcarce effect,

Shall Gallant ORMOND at an Army's Head,
Brave as the *Macedons* young *Ammon* led,
Stifle aſpiring Ardour, and controul
The ſtrong Impulſe of an *Heroic* Soul?
And keep, within his ſilent Breaſt confin'd,
The ſtrugling Scheme his vigorous Thoughts deſign'd;

When

When *Fame* was fluſh'd with Hope of Wonders done
To ſtartle Glory, and amaze the Sun;
When ſhe had ſummon'd her Illuſtrious Man
To crown the Courſe his daring Youth began,
To fill her ſpacious Sphere with active Heat,
And make his Circle of Renown compleat;
For ſtill her Annals in Remembrance keep
Thoſe Early Glories, that ſhall never ſleep;
How *Generoſity* and *Courage* blaz'd,
And with united Beams the World amaz'd;
In Foreign Fields did *Britiſh* State ſupport,
And gave our Camp the Splendour of a * Court;
In voluntary Zeal for Publick Good,
Spar'd no Expence of Treaſure and of Blood:
For when our Troops, on *Landen*'s bloody Plain,
Unequal Force no longer could ſuſtain,
When crowding Squadrons did our Trenches win,
And pour'd a Deluge of Deſtruction in,
Our ORMOND's Valour the Miſchance out-brav'd,
And, tho' the Day was loſt, our Honour ſav'd;
For tho' o'er-powr'd, that Prize he ſtill poſſeſt,
Still breath'd Defiance from his wounded Breaſt;

* *During the War in* Flanders, *in K.* William's *time.*

Danger,

Danger, with ſuch undaunted Aſpect, dar'd,
As ſtruck a *Damp* on *Death*, and *Slaughter* ſcar'd,
When for a ſecond *Mortal Stroke* prepar'd.
So * *Marius*, majeſtick in Diſguiſe,
Arm'd only with the *Lightning* of his *Eyes*,
With ſuch a Look the Ruffian did ſurvey,
And frown'd the Trembling Murderer away.

And oh! could ſuch a Son of *MARS* comply
To check his Flame, and lay his Thunder by?
Could he, obſequious to his QUEEN's Commands
And *Europe's* Tears, diſmiſs his Martial Bands?
From open Field, and Glory's noble Queſt
Retire, to give the harraſs'd Nations Reſt?
And could his Troops, when eager for Alarms,
Brook the cold Orders for *Suſpenſe of Arms*?
O! could ſuch Miracles of Grace befal,
That for Encomiatory Rapture call,
And *Britain's* Bards in ſullen Silence ſit?

No; Some, with ſoaring and ſucceſsful Wit,
Have welcom'd the Celeſtial DOVE's Return,
Compell'd ſo long in Deſart Shades to mourn;

* Cajus Marius, *ex ipſo Vitæ Diſcrimine, Beneficio Majeſtatis emerſit; miſſus enim ad eum Occidendum* Cimber, *ſtrictum Gladium tenens, Claritate Viri occæcatus, abjecto Ferro, attonitus ac tremens, fugit.* Val. Max.

In

In Lays so *Chearful* and *Transporting*, Some
Have sung of PEACE, as shew'd that PEACE was *come*:
So *Sylvan* Choristers more spritely sing
When Animated with th' Approach of SPRING,
'Twas just our Bards (*First* Suff'rers by the War)
Should *First* the Restor'd Princess' Favours share;
Whose Blessings, *sprinkled* on the MUSES Bow'r,
Presag'd on *ALBION*'s Isle a plenteous Show'r.
So after Years of Drought and Famine past,
(And Dread of Thirsty Seasons long to last)
The *slender* Signal of a *Cloudy* Hand (Land.
Drew on the Drenching Rains that Delug'd all the

But since those Skilful Witts that wafted o'er
This Exil'd Princess to our *British* Shore;
After that Homage paid, their Harps unstrung,
And left her *Tripple* TRIUMPH quite unsung,
My Rustic Muse (tho' now declin'd with Age,
And scarce in Youth had Courage to engage)
Shall of those Glories Brief *Memoirs* essay,
For Abler Hands to *Blazon* and *Display*.

BRITANNIA rear'd her Head aloft, to see
The *Distant* Triumph of her SHREWSBURY;

While He in ſolemn Splendour did advance,
In welcome Viſit to Applauding *FRANCE.*
By *Gallic* Villages and Cities Bleſt,
Then by the Court, and Chiefs of War, Careſt.
Nor only by Surviving Chiefs admir'd,
But by the Shades of Heroes long Expir'd;
Who, ſallying from their Honour'd Tombs afar,
Miſtook thoſe Shouts for freſh Alarms of *War*:
Then Pleas'd, to ſee an Heir of TALBOT's Race,
Come Crown'd with *Olive*, in *Pacifick* Grace;
For Gen'rous Warriours ne'er at PEACE repin'd,
When PEACE and HONOUR nobly were combin'd;
All who Renown have rightly underſtood,
Prefer'd a Sprig of *Palm*, for *Publick Good*,
To Groves of *Laurel*, ſprung from Fields of *Blood.*
Hail SHREWSBURY, whoſe Worth----Raſh Muſe (forbear,
'Tis rude to offer him your Garland Here.
Wait his Return to *ALBION*'s longing Iſle;
At Leiſure, on your Preſent He may ſmile,
Nor fear its With'ring in the Silent Shade,
The Garland of His Praiſes ne'er can fade,
Compos'd of *Amaranths* and Vernal Flow'rs
Of *Laſting* Bloom, cull'd from *Elyſian* Bow'rs.

D'AUMONT's Approach muſt next our Song employ,
D'AUMONT, the Flow'r of *France*, and *Britain*'s Joy,
Well pleas'd, in the Reſembling Heir, to view
* Paternal Kindneſs for her Realm renew:
Hence Signal Honours She's oblig'd to pay,
And celebrate D'AUMONT's Triumphant Day.
Yet oh! without the Pomp that Day diſplay'd,
His Glorious *Perſon* had a *Triumph* made;
His ſingle Self ſufficient to ſurprize,
And captivate the Charm'd Spectator's Eyes;
The Centre, where obliging Virtues meet,
The Juſt, the Gen'rous, Courteous and Diſcreet.
Nor more in *Form*, than *Mind*'s Endowments Bleſt;
But Nature's Darling ev'ry way confeſt.
And well, on Him, ſhe found her Favours plac'd,
Who all her Gifts with vaſt Improvement Grac'd.
With Nature's Bounty, Diſcipline and Art
Conſpir'd, and gloriouſly perform'd *Their* Part.
Thus *Finiſhing* what She ſo well Began,
Our Age can boaſt of an ACCOMPLISH'D Man.

* The Generous Kindneſs formerly ſhewn to our *Engliſh Priſoners* at *Bulloign* and other Places on the Coaſt of *France*, by the Illuſtrious Duke D'AUMONT his Excellency's Father, and his great Affection for our *Engliſh* Nation.

But

But now the Joyful Seaſon is arriv'd,
Whoſe diſtant View our drooping Hearts reviv'd;
DEVOTION Triumphs now, for PEACE Reſtor'd,
'Tis come; the Bleſſing we ſo long Implor'd.
See! *Britains* PEERS and SENATE move in State,
For whoſe Appearance Gazing Millions wait.
Why therefore on their Aſpect's ſuch a Cloud?
Did now the *Sun* his Beams in Envy ſhrowd?
No; the *Sun* ſmil'd; and, juſt Reſpect to pay,
Defer'd the *Rain* to the ſucceeding Day.
'Tis true, we ſee our PEERS and SENATE come,
In State Advancing to the Sacred DOME;
That Glorious Sight affords no ſmall Relief;
But ſtill the QUEEN is Abſent-----That's the Grief.
And, till that Darling of our Souls we ſee,
DEVOTION'S Self will droop, as well as We.
Ah fond Miſtake! Devotion's Overjoy'd,
Knowing how well her Royal Saint's Employ'd;
That *now* her Sov'reign's Abſence helps to raiſe
The Day's Solemnity, with Larger Praiſe;
While Clouds of Hallow'd Incenſe She can view
From the CATHEDRAL and the CHAPEL too;
Whoſe *Double* Off'ring ſhall with Plenty crown
Our Realm, and bring *redoubled* Bleſſings down.

FINIS.